

## The Bee.

—PUBLISHED AT—  
NO. 1106, "I" STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C.  
as second-class mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year..... \$3.00  
Six months..... 1.00  
Three months..... .60  
City subscribers, monthly..... 2

## President Roosevelt.

Considering the varied and multitudinous interest comprehended by the foreign and domestic politics of our late lamented President it is a matter of congratulation that President Roosevelt has adopted the policies and expressed a determination to carry them to their logical conclusion.

That this is a mark of the highest sense of propriety as well as of good statesmanship cannot well be doubted and the people view with pleasure, the indisposition on the part of the President to disturb the harmony which prevails in his cabinet and the more important offices of the government.

There are doubtless many who will clamor for changes and insist that there are men just as good as his present advisers who would advance the public service as creditably and able as those now at the helm. But it must be remembered that experience when coupled with honesty and devotion to the public interests is not to be ignored. The next Congress will likely be characterized by events of the most stirring and important character. The finances which may be seriously affected by unwise radical reform of the tariff must be handled by the best of financiers and the most judicious counsel.

The conduct of the War Department, which is now vigorous and humane, and which must play an important part in this Administration and being credit or discredit upon the Executive and honor or dishonor on the American government, should be maintained in its present integrity and this can be done in no surer way than by retaining the present secretary.

Foreign relations are of the most cordial character. Through the wisdom, sagacity and diplomatic finesse of the present Secretary of State, commerce and diplomatic interests and benefits have been extended and enlarged ties of international friendship strengthened, the spirit of war and retaliation softened and the power and influence of the American people emphasized.

And the same may be said with respect to the cabinet in general. Moreover the President shows in this to be an astute politician. It allays clamors, softens antagonisms and above all keeps in friendly relations those powerful politicians whose opposition might disrupt the republican party and render doubtful the success of the party whose policy has so greatly enhanced all of the important interests of the great American people. By sustaining cordial relations with such men as Hanna, Depew, Odell, Platt, the political sky may be kept free from storm clouds and the political atmosphere from oppressive humidity and the success of the republican party in 1904 will be assured.

Unless all signs fall harmony will prevail under the most trying circumstances and the embroglios which have more than once demoralized our great party will be impossible. That the administration may have fair sailing and the splendid work so nobly begun and nobly prosecuted by our lamented McKinley may be conducted to a logical and glorious conclusion is the wish of every good citizen.

## Why the South?

There has been a great deal said about the South and the pacification of the Southern people. The

Negroes are being disfranchised while every effort is being made to pacify the South. Why should so much fuss be made about the South and the Southern people? Is it not true that this same people rebelled against the Republic and the negroes did everything in their power to maintain the Union? Why should the Negro then be eliminated from the body politic and the men who rebelled against the Republic be given so much consideration? The Colored man is being disfranchised by those who made every effort to destroy the Republic.

## The Wife Should Have an Allowance.

It is one of the most humiliating elements in Woman's life in America to-day, and one of the phases which is most uncomplimentarily reflective upon American husbands, that a just allowance is withheld from many wives. No matter how small the allowance may be, so long as it is fair in proportion to the income earned, every wife should have a purse of her own sacred to herself and her needs, and free from the slightest intrusion on the part of her husband. Every wife is entitled to this, and no young man—I care not how small his income nor what his reasoning may be—starts married life aright who withholds that courtesy and that right from his wife.—Edward Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal for October.

THE BEE would suggest that the young men, who may chance to see this extract will take heed. Young men, not all, who may to day furnish their houses on the installment plan. Within the last few years many of our public school teachers have gotten married and it was not long before their household effects were taken from them. It seems that young men don't know the duty of a husband towards his wife. Some of them think that marrying is all. Many well-to-do teachers have married for the sake of marrying and regret it afterwards. The Bee has many of them in view to day. Young ladies who have resigned their schools only to return as beggars. Some of them have had more children than they can support. Before a girl leaves her school and gives up a good salary to marry, she should first ascertain whether she is to better her condition. A very few men allow their wives to be the custodian of their money, let alone giving them an allowance. No man should marry a woman unless it is his intention to treat her decently.

## AN APPEAL.

Every effort has been made by State and National Organizations to inaugurate plans and methods to cure the evils that have taken a hold of the minds of the American people and even permitted every Southern legislative body in violation of the American Constitution and the law governing law and order, pass unconstitutional laws. What methods, therefore must the negro adopt to protect himself. Shall he appeal to the shot-gun? No. Shall he use force? No. The Bee would suggest that a representative conference be held in the District on or about the middle or latter part of November and through that conference let the American people make an appeal to the President and the President to the Congress of the United States. There should be something done at once to ameliorate the condition of the negro in this country. It is hoped that the entire press of the country will take a hold of this matter and do all in its power to put this movement on foot. Let this conference be void of politics entirely. There should not be the least reference to politics but, simply methods to be adopted, where by the President and the Congress of the United States could adopt such methods to protect all classes of American citizens. It is hoped that the churches throughout the country will take an interest in this subject and do all in their power to make this gathering a success. There is every reason to believe that the better element of the American people is opposed to the methods adopted by the mob in justifying such acts that are perpetrated by said mob in satisfying the ends of justice. THE BEE maintains that mob law is in violation of the Constitution of the United States and it never was intended by the framers of the Constitution of the United States, that the violators of the law should go unpunished. The American Negro doesn't believe in any class or individual committing a crime and allowed to go free. The negro, is an American citizen, and while there are some, who don't believe in law or order, there are others who are just as patriotic, honest and sincere in their intentions as the white man. The colored people of the United States are not responsible for what a few of their number may be charged with. Those who have the laws to make and the power to execute them should be able to discriminate between those who are good and those who are bad. Therefore, the American people are appealed to take such action in this call that they deem best and wise. It is proposed to have this conference of representative citizens from throughout the country to assemble, in National Conference on or about the latter part of

November 1901 and adopt such an address to the American people through the President of the United States and Congress. Those who favor such a movement will so indicate it, by addressing the Editor of THE BEE, Washington, D. C. The press, throughout the country, irrespective of politics will please give this call favorable consideration.

## MAINE BEARS ARE BOLD.

One That Was Hungry for Mutton Visited a Pasture and Was Not Afraid of Farmers.

A Byron (Me.) correspondent of the New York Sun says that bears are getting very bold. One evening the other week, Leroy W. Thomas was out in his garden, just before sunset, when suddenly he heard his sheep bleating. Looking toward the pasture about 100 rods from the house he saw the whole flock of sheep running down the hill, closely followed by a big black bear.

The first thing Leroy did was to shout to his neighbors to come to



BRUIN AT BREAKFAST.

his aid. They rushed out of their houses to ascertain the trouble. "A bear! A bear is chasing my sheep! Get out! get out!" shouted Leroy.

Ernest Knapp grabbed his rifle and started for the pasture, quickly followed by Fred and Guy Knapp and George Thomas, also with rifles. Evidently the bear comprehended what was up, for, after chasing the sheep down the hill and up the river bank, he started back toward the woods. When he got about half-way there he stopped beside a large rock, turned his head around and looked at the men who were in pursuit of him. After he had looked at his pursuers for a short time he trotted off up the hill, over the fence and out of sight. The men followed for awhile, but as darkness came on they were obliged to return, leaving bruin to go where he liked. When Leroy first saw the bear chasing the sheep bruin was no more than three or four feet behind them and looked as big as a cow.

Early the next morning Guy Knapp went out into his brother's pasture to see if any sheep were missing, or if he could find any sign of the bear. He was creeping cautiously through the underbrush, when he suddenly heard a low growl and right ahead of him and about three rods away he saw a large bear, busily engaged in breakfasting on a nice fat sheep he had just taken from the pasture. Although the young man fired three shots at him the bear got away unharmed.

## THE WAIF'S REVENGE.

How She Got Even with a Pompous Man Who Would Not Purchase Her Wares.

This amusing story is told in the Boston Herald by the president of the New Bedford bank. One day not long ago he and other officers and directors were engaged in a business meeting, held in the directors' room of the bank, and as they believed themselves secure from intrusion, they were much surprised to see a poor little waif enter the room—something which any



"WELL, YER LOOK IT!"

man of business affairs would not dare to do under such conditions. The little girl, shabbily clothed and pinched looking, had all unconsciously entered on forbidden ground, but this she didn't realize, and at once went to the men seated about the big table, offering them small cakes of soap for sale.

The very first director whom she approached slook his head, impatient at the interruption of business, and said, sharply: "I never use it." The tiny peddler, unabashed, went from man to man—all the others, out of pity for her wan little figure, buying of her. As she started to leave the room, after thanking each purchaser, the girl hesitated for a moment in front of the director who never used soap, according to his own declaration, and, looking him from head to foot, said, disdainfully: "Well yer look it!" and then swept out like a duchess.

## LITTLE NUGGETS OF POETRY.

## The Old Cellar.

A treasure cave it seemed to be,  
Full of delicious mystery.  
Across the windows' narrow panes  
The spiders swung their silver chains!  
Upon the swinging shelves overhead  
Were jars of jams and jellies spread,  
Which, when unsleaked on festive days,  
Outshone the ruby's richest rays.  
In one far corner's dreamy dusk  
Ripe apples stored their balm and musk,  
Huge pumpkins from the next one rolled,  
Like giant beads of richest gold.  
Ranged upon shelves around the wall  
Were dinkins short and dinkins tall,  
Where, youthful palates to entice,  
Green pickles swam in seas of spice.  
Among them, bulging boldly out,  
Was the brown oak cask filled with  
"kraut."

Perchance that cellar, rough and dark,  
Is type of many a man's mark,  
Whose mind, unpolished, yet has stored  
Rich vials for life's festive board.  
—Adela S. Cody, in Good Housekeeping.

## Sleep and Death.

Beyond the dying sun's last rim of light,  
That glides the farthest reach of western sea,  
The weary spirit flies in fantasy  
To some mysterious cavern filled with  
night.  
No star-ray mars the velvet darkness deep,  
Silence and stillness hold each tiny  
breath  
Till life stands tip-toe on the verge of  
Enfolded in thy mystery of sleep.

Most sweet and dread Hereafter, through  
what gate  
Shall the unfathomable life be won,  
When tollworn souls behold the final sun,  
Night-wrapped, descend, and darkness fall  
like Fate?  
Sleep may reveal in dream's entrancing  
spell  
Of jealous Death's great secret, who can  
tell?  
—Francis Annesley, in Chambers' Journal.

## Waiting for the Lord to Provide.

"The Lord'll provide," he said  
And sat around;  
While others pushed on ahead  
And sought and found.  
He waited in idleness—  
"The Lord'll provide," I guess."  
He said when the gray wolf prowled,  
And "the Lord'll provide," I guess."  
He said when the wild wind howled  
Like a fiend unbound.

"The Lord'll provide," he said  
When they came and found  
The rags on the broken bed,  
Where he tossed around:  
He that waited in idleness,  
Said "the Lord'll provide," I guess."  
As they looked and sighed—  
"The Lord'll provide," I guess—  
And the Lord did, at last, provide—  
A hole in the ground.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Progress.

Whate'er the dismal doubters say,  
We're breaking from the ancient way  
Of hate and superstition gray  
And creeds that fetter.  
From year to year and day to day  
The world grows better.  
Humanity their steps have bent  
Up the long, arduous ascent,  
The highway of enlightenment,  
With faces dawnward.  
Still up that path, with high intent,  
The race moves onward.

Up through the long, dark night of Time,  
From out the shadowed past we climb,  
Above the ignorance and crime—  
The eyes that bound us—  
Unto an eminence sublime,  
The sunlight 'round us.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Boston Budget.

## "To Know All Is to Forgive All."

If I knew you and you knew me—  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less  
And clasp our hands in friendship;  
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree  
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,  
As each one knows his own self, we  
Could look each other in the face  
And see therein a truer grace.  
Life has so many hidden woes,  
So many thorns for every rose.  
The "why" of things our hearts would see  
If I knew you and you knew me.  
—Nixon Waterman, in Good Cheer.

## Is Life Worth Living?

Is life worth living? I dunno.  
Maybe not an' maybe so.  
Haven't time, the truth to state,  
For such serious debate.  
When the sun is kind an' warm  
An' the sky is free from storm,  
When the buds are lookin' out  
At the grasses round about,  
An' the wakenin' through the wood  
Sort of sets you feelin' good,  
I jes' haven't got the time  
For the solemn an' sublime.  
Life worth livin'? I dunno;  
Maybe not an' maybe so.  
When the birds begin to sing  
I can't stop for no gadderin'.  
—Washington Star.

## A Country Inn.

It stands, so white and cool and neat,  
Midway the drowsy village street,  
With windows open to the breeze,  
And town folk lounging at their ease.  
Tired with the long, hot day a-wheel,  
I gladly sniff the evening meal,  
And leave an endless dusty road,  
To make the inn my night's abode.

The shadows deepen. On the hill  
A tree-tod wakes a whippoorwill;  
Softly the dew begins to fall.  
A star gleams o'er the pines' dark wall.  
—James Buckham, in Good Housekeeping.

## Inevitable.

As in every song of merit  
A vein of sadness lies,  
So gleams of tragic import come  
From High-Endeavor's eyes.

If Excellence be your watchword,  
Your aims ideally fine,  
Remember—you must suffer,  
As hearts that deepest pine.

Yet off—throw off earth's chaining!  
Up, up into the blue!  
The prize to win is worthy  
The pain we struggle through.  
—J. E. Patterson, in Black and White.

## The Untruthful Daisy.

She wandered where the daisies grew  
Her lips were red, her eyes were blue.  
She plucked aaisy from its bed,  
And broke each petal as she said:

"He loves me, he loves me not,  
He loves me, he loves me not;  
He loves me, daisy tell me so."  
The final petal answered: "No."

She laughed, but one small tear drop boid  
Spread secrets of the heart untold.  
"He loves me not?" she tossed her head,  
"Why, daisy, you tell lies," she said.  
—N. Y. Sun.

## Tired.

Too tired to work, too tired to play,  
Too tired to go, too tired to stay,  
Too tired to ride, too tired to walk;  
Too tired to write, too tired to talk.

Too tired to loaf, too tired to think;  
Too tired to eat, too tired to drink.  
Too tired to laugh, too tired to weep;  
Too tired to wake, too tired to sleep.

Too tired to sing, too tired to sigh;  
Too tired to live, too tired to die.  
—Joe Cons, in Brooklyn Life.

## RED GULCH JUSTICE.

Judge Hoke, of Sandy Bend, Renders Solomonical Decision.

His Honor Expresses His Contempt for a Coward in Unmistakable Terms and Lets the Criminal Off Easy.

"This yere case," began Judge Hoke, of Sandy Bend, as he opened court in the presence of a Cincinnati Commercial Tribune correspondent and a host of cowboys and miners, "began over in Wigwag Gulch. Jim Wheeler, who sits over thar and is known to most of you, was lyin' in his cabin over in Wigwag the other day when allat once he felt that he must have a whisky sour at any cost. It's 15 miles to Sandy Bend, and an ekal distance to Dead Shot, but Jim kept longin' for that whisky sour till he made up his mind to saddle up and ride over yere. It ain't for this court to either praise or condemn a man for ridin' 15 miles over a mighty rough trail to git the cotton out of his throat. It's sufficient to say that, once Jim had made up his mind to come, he couldn't git that mawl saddled quick enough, and in his hurry he left his guns behind. He'd got about a mile on his way and his old mawl was strikin' a gait when he suddenly found Lew Docker on the trail before him. Lew is that onery-lookin' half-breed over by the door, and he's as mean as he looks. As he stopped Jim in his wild career he sung out:

"Fall off!"  
"What for?"  
"Bekase I want that mawl."  
"But it'll be robbery."  
"Durn the difference."

"Jim wanted to palaver, but the half-breed drew down on him and made him hop off. Then he hopped on and started for Jim's shanty. He cleaned it out of everything he wanted and made a bee-line for Dawson's Bend. Did Jim foller in hopes that luck might turn? Not a foller. When a stranger come along with two guns and offered to lend him one of them, did he grab the weepin and set out after Lew? Not



"I WANT THAT MEWL!"

at all. When a second stranger come along and offered him both a gun and a mawl to folleer up the half-breed, did he forgit the whisky sour and gallop off like a vengeful tornado? He didn't. The durned flashworm simply picked up his legs and walked the other 14 miles, and when he arrived here he come to me with tears in his eyes and said:

"Jedge Hoke, I'm a-callin' fer justice."  
"What d'you want of it?" said I.  
"To git back my own from Lew Docker, the half-breed."

"He didn't gin me a straight story. He twisted it to make me believe he had no show. I issued the warrant, and the half-breed was brung in last night. The constable found him in a cave in the Blue Hills, and it took about 50 shots to drive him out. That's the case as it stands, and Jim Wheeler will rise up while I call him a knock-kneed, slab-sided flashworm, without any spinal column. I ain't sayin' that Lew didn't have the bulge on him at the start, but it ain't intended that the law is goin' to step in while a feller has any cartridges left. The plaintiff is not only got no case in this court, but it will cost him \$7 to squar' hisself with the law and community.

"Lew Docker, stand up. This yere court as a court and as the owner of the Red Dog saloon, never put you down for anything beyand fresh. Nobody kin skasly believe that you held Jim up and cleaned him out, and it's a sort of record to be proud of. If you keep on the way you have begun, you might git up the courage to run off a bunch of cattle or shoot a Chinyman. Howsmever, it is the dooty of this court to see that you don't step too high nor jump too far at the beginnin', and you'll pay a fine of \$11 and \$6 costs or git a vacation in the jail. I understand that Jim has got his property back, and I ain't warnin' you ag'in tryin' the same game on him ag'in if you feel like it. I'm simply sayin' that if you do and fall by the wayside you'll git a shaller grave at public expense. If you don't fall and Jim comes whinin' around yere for more justice, he'll git jumped out of this jurisdiction, and every jump will kiver thirteen feet. Now let the court be adjourned and law and order prevail."

## Judge Lynch in Montana.

Three horse thieves, captured near Judith, Mont., were mounted on horses, with nooses adjusted to their necks, and the ropes were thrown over the stout limb of a tree. At a signal the horses were led from under them, and the culprits hung suspended until death ended their punishment.

## ASSISTED THE TEXANS.

Gen. Sickles When a Lad Helped the Lone Star Patriots to Win Independence.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles began his career as a typesetter. He always had a taste for adventure, relates the Saturday Evening Post, and when a lad was thrilled by the stories of heroism which floated up from Texas and formed part of the history of the struggle of that state for freedom from the Mexican rule, Sam Houston became the boy's ideal hero. "I wanted to run away and take part in the business myself," said he while chatting one day with some Texans in the



GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES.  
(Union Veteran Who Is Prominent in the Grand Army.)

cloakroom of the house of representatives, "but my father exercised his veto power, and traveling was not as easy then as it is nowadays. "A man named Hitchcock was raising a company to go down and help the Texans in their war. About that time my kyd-hearted old grandfather came me \$500 to buy a horse and buggy. A horse was the one thing I had always promised myself as soon as I should be rich enough, so I was delighted with the gift, but when I heard Hitchcock talk so eloquently about the wrongs of the Texans and their noble struggle for liberty I couldn't stand it; I simply threw my grandfather's money into his lap.

"Naturally my grandmother began to wonder pretty soon where my horse was. I told her that I was waiting to get one that would trot in 2:40, which was great speed for those days. Her unsuspecting soul was satisfied with the explanation. Next day my father became inquisitive, and after I had made two or three stammering attempts to put him off I had to come out with the whole story. I am not sure whether he was more angry or amused over it.

"But the funny part of it came later. Another man arrived in town, called Hunt, who was raising money to furnish supplies for the fighters in Texas. He came after my father, I came to his assistance, and between us we got a old gentlemen so interested that he handed out another \$500 from his pocket."

Gen. Sickles is so impressive in appearance that people stare a good deal at his crutches (he lost a leg at Gettysburg), and not a few strangers have had bad grace to stop him and inquire how he met with his supposed accident. The general does not take their importunities any too kindly, though he usually avoids giving expression to his opinion of the questioner.

## PREDICTS A REVOLT.

Congressman Hull Warns Against Religious Interference with the Moro Tribe.

Congressman Hull, of Iowa, who recently returned from Manila, in an interview declares that if missionaries are allowed to go to the island



HON. JOHN A. T. HULL.  
(Chairman of House Committee on Military Affairs.)

of Mindanao, where the Moro tribe is dominant, the United States will face a big revolt. He said: "Moros are Mohammedans and polygamy is part of their religion. Just as soon as preachers get to work among them, preaching against wives, the trouble will begin. They are a fierce warlike tribe, who do not know what surrender means. Like the Moslems they are fanatical to the degree and will fight for their religion to the bitter end. They are a stay-at-home race and have mingled very little with other islanders.

"Spain never made any attempt to govern them and thus avoided trouble. As long as we do not meddle with their affairs there is little danger of conflict, but any attempt to make them conform to our standards of morality or religion will provoke war. There are no fewer than 300,000 Moros and war with them would make the reconquest of the Philippines look like a child's play."

Borneo Idea of Beauty.  
In Borneo elongated earlobes are considered a mark of beauty.